

Love Me Tender by MidnightMadness

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Jim "Chief" Hopper

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Summary:

It's tenderness that breaks Billy.

Love Me Tender

Author's Note:

I've shifted it so that Billy is 18 in this fic to avoid the underage thing.

Enjoy!

It was tenderness that broke Billy. Hopper thought that it would have been rough and tumble sex with Billy, the boy never willingly giving up control. Hopper thought that he would have to force the boy onto his knees, force him to cooperate, force him to stop fighting Hopper every step of the way.

All of these assumptions were based on how brash and abrasive Billy was in the general public. Constantly antagonizing people, picking fights with anyone and everyone who would give him the time of day. The persona of the 'king of the Hill' with the 'fuck with me and I'll fuck you up', Hopper thought it was going to be work to get Billy to cooperate.

It was the exact opposite of everything Hopper had expected.

It always started the same. The same loudmouth Billy, walking in with the unchecked swagger, coming into the room like he owns the place. Hopper knew better than to rise to the bait. He stayed seated in his chair, beer on the table next to him, watching the boy come into the room. His boy, Hopper corrected himself because for all the swagger and cockiness, Hopper knew how Billy really was.

Only once Billy was fully in the room, hands tucked into this jean jacket pockets and that smirk on his face would Hopper get up. Billy would always straighten up a bit, snarking something about 'are we gonna do this, Old Man?' Hopper never responds, knowing the line is just something to sooth the inner anxiety that Billy felt.

Reaching the boy, Hopper would curl a hand around the back of Billy's neck. Sometimes the boy would resist, but most of the time, Billy would just melt, immediately relaxing and falling to his knees at Hopper's feet. Billy's head would bow, chin tilted toward his chest. His knees would be spread wide, with his hands now out of the pockets and resting loosely on his thighs. All of the tension would just leech out of Billy the longer Hopper kept him on his knees like this, until the point where it seemed the only thing keeping Billy upright was Hopper's hand on the back of his neck.

It was a heady feeling, having all this control over the boy. The dark thing in Hopper's gut purred in appreciation of the submission, loving the control over the boy. As intoxicating as the control over Billy was, Jim knew not to lose his cool. The amount of trust Billy had in Jim had taken a long time to earn, and more than a few missteps had caused issues between them in the past.

With Billy fully relaxed as his feet now, Jim knew it was time to move on. Pulling Billy gently by the hand cupping his head, Jim leads Billy back to his chair. Hopper settles comfortably in his armchair, thick thighs spread to fit Billy's body between them. The boy is still kneeling on the floor, having crawled to follow Hopper's guiding hand. Billy instinctively nuzzles into the V of Hopper's groin, pressing his face into the still soft length nestled under the jeans in front of him.

Jim feels himself start to stiffen under the attention, revelling to the ready affection that Billy gives now. Both hands stroke through Billy's head, pushing the blonde locks back from the forehead to reveal blue eyes staring imploringly up at Jim.

"Is this what you want tonight?" Hopper asks, one hand reaching down to grab his own stiffening length through his jeans. Billy nods frantically, mouth opening to lick the fingers holding the length in front of him, pink tongue twining with the thick calloused fingers. Hopper lets Billy suck two of his fingers into the eager mouth. The warm, wet, velvet head of Billy's mouth engulf Jim's index and

middle finger, and the boy sucks greedily. His tongue swirls around the digits, bobbing his head back and forth along the fingers in an imitation of what he hopes to come next.

Hopper groans audibly at the sensation of his boy sucking on to fingers, the feeling of the hot, wet mouth sending lightning through his veins straight down to his cock. The hand not in Billy's mouth is petting appreciatively through Billy's head, showing through touch how good a job his boy is doing. Blue eyes look up at Jim, wordlessly begging for what Billy wants most. Hopper can't deny those eyes, not once in a thousand years.

"Such a good boy for Daddy, aren't you?" Hopper asks, pulling his fingers free of Billy's mouth and going to his own belt buckle. Billy groans, mouth following Hopper's hand to the buckle of the jeans, still nipping and licking around the thick digits. Jim can see one of Billy's hands sneak between his own thighs and Hopper tuts.

"Not unless I say so," Hopper reminds, gently nudging Billy with his thigh. Billy's hands immediately shoot up, placing one on each of Hopper's thighs. Billy's head hangs low, ashamed of having been caught disregarding one of the rules Hopper had set for him.

"Shhh, it's alright. It was just a reminder. You're still doing so good for me." Hopper praises, a hand coming to cup Billy's chin and lift his face upwards. The other hand finishes unbuckling his belt along with the buttons of his pants. Jim pulls his cock out, tucking the waistband under his balls in one movement.

Billy's mouth drops open automatically, eager to get Jim's thick length in his mouth and down his throat. It had taken a lot for Billy to trust Hopper with his desires, opening up slowly and haltingly through their engagement. Billy loved to please, in any and every way. His brash behaviour was often a cry for attention, hoping that somebody, anybody, would notice him. Hopper noticed, and Hopper stepped in. It had taken many months to get Billy this open and

honest about his desires with Hopper, and boy was Jim ever ready to give Billy the praise his boy deserved.

“This is what you want isn’t it. Such a good boy for Daddy; waiting so patiently.” Hopper says, petting over Billy’s bottom lip, pulling the plush lip out to see it bounce back into place. Hopper releases Billy and the boy immediately leans forward to take Hopper into his mouth. He pauses at the last second, warm breath ghosting over Jim’s hard length and looks up beseechingly at Jim, remembering that he needs to be given permission before he can continue.

“Oh, such a good boy for me.” Hopper praises, simultaneously nodding his head and giving Billy permission to continue.

The blonde immediately wraps his lips around Hopper’s length, sucking gently at the head. Hopper groans appreciatively, one hand gently resting on Billy’s head, the other petting along the boy’s neck and shoulders.

Billy quickly moved further down Hopper’s length, sucking more and more into his mouth until the head of Jim’s cock is nudging the back of Billy’s throat. Hopper groans even louder at that. His boy had been working on his skill, aiming to get Hopper all the way in. Now, with the head nudging the back of his throat, Billy still had a quarter of Hopper’s cock left to get in.

Hopper pet through Billy’s hair before cupping the back of the boy’s head and urging him forward. “That’s it baby, you can do it. I know you can, so good for Daddy” Hopper praises, watching Billy pull back a bit and take a deep breath through his nose.

Billy slides down further than before, swallowing around Jim’s length when it reaches the back of his throat. Hopper moans openly as he feels Billy’s throat contracting around the head of his cock before the boy pulls off, coughing.

“Look at you go, baby. Fitting all of my cock in your mouth.” Hopper coos, petting over Billy’s head and cheeks. Billy shudders at the praise, a small smile ghosting his face before he takes a deep breath

and leans back towards Hopper's cock. One of Billy's hands comes up to guide Hopper's cock back into the waiting mouth, and the image of Billy Hargrove, on his knees with mouth open and reaching for Jim's cock is forever going to be burned in the older man's mind.

Having reached it once, Billy doubles up his efforts to swallow Hopper all the way down. Tears pool in the blue eyes staring up at Jim as his gag reflex hits again and again, but Billy doesn't let up. Soon, tears and spit stream down Billy's face as his head bobs up and down in Hopper's lap. The whole while Jim is singing praises, about how good his boy is, how much he's pleasing Daddy, how proud Daddy is of him, and how Billy is doing such a great job.

The telltale signs of his orgasm rush at Jim all too quickly. His balls draw up and his stomach tenses as the sensation soon becomes all too much. Jim pulls Billy back by the hand in his hair. Billy whines, confused as to why he's being pulled off and looks up at Jim, his face wet with spit and tears, mouth open and panting. It's that vision that sends Jim over the edge, spurting into Billy's waiting mouth and all over his cheeks and jaw.

As Jim comes down from his high, he realizes that Billy is trembling between his thighs, hands clenching into fists and unclenching, cum dripping down his chin and still pooled in his mouth. Hopper can see the erection straining against Billy's jeans and Hopper is so proud of his boy for resisting the urge to get himself off.

"You can swallow if you want Baby." Jim says, and Billy immediately swallows the cum in his mouth before his tongue is out, licking up all that is left from the surrounding area.

"C'mon up here." Hopper says, patting his lap. Billy immediately scrambles up, thighs splayed over Hopper's lap and head tucked into the joint of Hopper's neck and shoulder. In his lap, Jim can feel how badly Billy is trembling with need, his hips jerking in aborted, helpless movement that Billy can't control, not now that he has

something to grind against.

Hopper shushes the high-pitches whines coming out of Billy, noises that Hopper isn't even sure Billy is aware that he's making. Large hands smooth down along Billy's back, one hand grabbing a handful of Billy's ass and squeezing. The other slides around the front to palm Billy's erection, intend on releasing it from the tight jeans.

As Hopper's palm grinds along Billy's hard length trapped in his jeans, the young man stiffens and cries out, and Hopper can feel the warm, wet spend seeping through the jean. Amazed at the sensitivity of his boy, Hopper looks down to where Billy is tucked into his neck. As his looks closer, Hopper realizes the trembling still running through Billy's body isn't aftershocks from his orgasm, but small, hitching sobs. Jim immediately wraps both arms around his boy, rucking Billy more securely into his chest.

"M sorry, 'm sorry" Billy is muttering into Jim neck around the small sobs. Jim shushes Billy, wrapping his arms more securely around Billy's body and rocking the younger man back and forth in his lap.

"Shh Billy, baby, shhhhhhhh. What's wrong? You did so good for me. So good. You made Daddy so proud." Hopper coos, trying to console Billy. After a few moments, the quiet sobs die down, and Billy rubs his face along the joint of Hopper's neck and shoulder, nuzzling in further.

"I came too fast..." Billy mumbles. Looking down, Hopper can see the red blush painting Billy's cheeks, along with the cum along his chin that hadn't yet been wiped off in the younger man's nuzzling.

"Not at all Baby, you did so good for me." Hopper reassures, petting down Billy's head and back. Billy coming from just a touch had stirred something wicked in Hopper, making him think about future times and how sensitive and how many times he could make his boy

come in a night. Hopper banished that thought, saving it for another time and instead focusing on Billy right now.

As Billy's tears died down, he looked up and into Hopper's face. Tears, come, and spit coated the boy's face, and Hopper thought he had never seen anything more beautiful. With a hand cupping Billy's jaw, he brought their faces together for the first, soft kiss of the night. Billy kissed back tentatively, still unsure of how his coming so soon would be received. Upon ending the kiss, Hopper smoothed back Billy's hair and pressed a kiss to the boy's forehead.

"You did so well for me, and I am so proud of you." Hopper said, brushing kisses along Billy's mouth and cheeks as he continued to praise his boy for a job well done. Billy's blushed deepened, but a small pleased smile graced his lips as he accepted Hopper's praise and admiration.

"Can we go to bed Daddy?" Billy asked sweetly, nuzzling into Hopper's chin like a contented cat.

"Of course, after we get you cleaned up." Hopper replied. In one movement, he stood with Billy still in his lap. Legs locked around Hopper's waist and Billy let out a gleeful laugh as he tightened his hold on Hopper. Jim's hands shifted to support Billy, cupping his ass with both hands as he hoisted his boy a little bit higher. Kissing Billy again, Hopper made his way to the bedroom, where he was planning to strip his boy down, and show him exactly how amazing Jim thought Billy was.